

the CASTINE VISITOR

CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Spring 2007

vol. 17 no. 1



REMEMBERING AUNT KITTY AND CASTINE

A Conversation with Tony and Nancy Butler

The Visitor had the pleasure of spending time last fall with Tony Butler, nephew of Castine author Katharine Butler Hathaway, and Tony's wife Nancy – a delightful couple who are seasonal residents of Blue Hill and members of the Castine Historical Society. Readers of Kitty Hathaway's book "The Little Locksmith" will remember her fondness for her nieces and nephews who visited her home on Court Street in Castine. Tony clearly had the same affection for his aunt, and we are delighted that he and Nancy took the time to share their memories with us. Editors.

Memories of Castine and Aunt Kitty

Castine Visitor: What is your earliest memory of your Aunt Kitty?

Tony Butler: I think my earliest memory was in Danvers, Massachusetts. I was a little kid, and I just remember the dining room table and Aunt Kitty there, but it is so vague that I couldn't really describe it. I must have been four or five or something like that, and I'm 91 now, so that's going back a long ways.

CV: Tell us some of your memories of Castine and the time you spent here with your aunt.

TB: I remember our biggest night in Castine. Ormond "Charlie" Bowden was my buddy, particularly at night when we had things going on. For several nights we would put a rope across Main Street and on each end of the rope were four or five oversized tin cans. Charlie would get in the gutter on one side, and I would get on the other side, and a car would come along and we'd put the rope up over the bumper. The guy would hear this tremendous clanking and jam on his brakes and get out and try to find out what had happened. We kids really made life miserable for some drivers. Well, we were having so much fun at that, we did it for three or four nights, and the town got fed up with it. They asked Ray Bowden to get the kids. So Ray got in his car, and he came up Main Street, and sure enough, Charlie and I put the rope up over the mudguard, the bumper, and he was waiting for it. He jammed on his brakes, and he had a buddy with him, I don't know who he was. But they got out, and Ormond,

Charlie Bowden, he'd gone behind one of the big colonial houses and hid behind a beanstalk. They followed him in there, and they hid behind a beanstalk, and when Charlie moved they grabbed him. I didn't get that far. I fell in the shadow of the streetlight, and they went right by me and never saw me. I was more scared, at that moment, I think than at any time in World War II in the Pacific or any other place. I was absolutely scared to death. But they came out with Charlie and they had his arm up behind his back and he was yowling. I still lay there motionless and they never did find

me, never did see me. And I was right in plain sight. Charlie never squealed. Nobody ever knew who the other kid was. But that was a time when I was more frightened than at any other time.

Nancy Butler: And that is what your aunt had to put up with, right? That kind of kid?

TB: Well, she thought that was great. She was up to her eyeballs in our antics. I told her everything.



A young Tony Butler reading with his "Aunt Kitty", author Katherine Butler Hathaway

Courtesy Tony and Nancy Butler

The House on Court Street in Castine

CV: She wrote that she liked to refer to her house on Court Street in Castine as an "aunt's house."

TB: Yes, well, it was for me. Because Aunt Kitty always made her house available for me, and my mother and father, but oftentimes just for me alone. That enabled me to have a vacation which I otherwise probably wouldn't have had anywhere. But I was welcome there anytime, for as long as I wanted to stay, I could stay with her.

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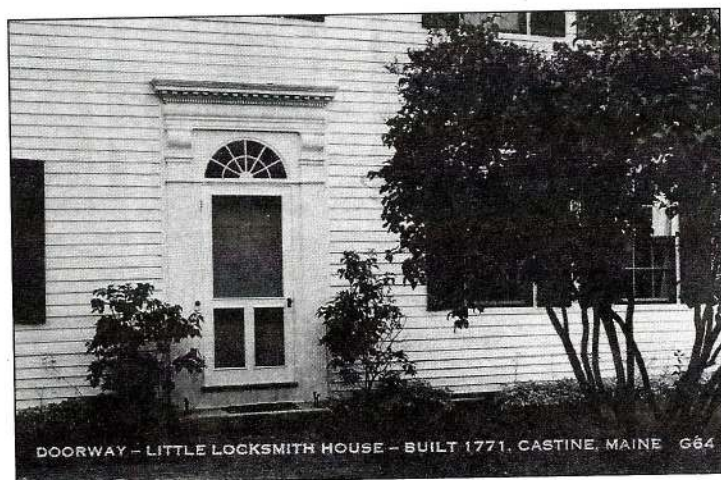
CV: Did she ever join you on jaunts around town?

TB: Aunt Kitty? No, but she knew everything that went on. She was doing her literary thing, her writing, and I did not get involved in that as I was only fifteen, sixteen. My activities were outdoors with Ormond, TP Perkins, and other kids.

CV: Do you have a favorite room in the Castine house?

TB: Yes, the first floor parlor, to the right of the front door. The kids would hang out in that room. That's where they had the parties, and that's where the fun was. I remember playing the Victrola one day with Ormond Bowden and all of a sudden, Ormond and I realized that my mother, who was on the landing half way up the main stairs in the main front hall, was giving Dad the dickens. Dad was downstairs standing in the front hall, and he was just listening to my mother. Mother was letting him have it, both barrels, finally Dad turned to Ormond, and said: "Charlie, what would you do if you were married to this woman?" And Ormond pucked up without a moment's hesitation: "Doctor, I feed her on cracked corn and I kick her ass outdoors." That broke up the fight.

We all liked Charlie. Actually, my mother and father took me down to visit him in reform school outside of Portland, where they sent him for digging short clams. He was always in trouble of one kind or another. I think he just died about four years ago, here in Castine.



Early 20th century postcard showing the front entry to Katharine Butler Hathaway's house on Court Street in Castine. To the right behind the bushes is Tony Butler's favorite room in the house.

CV: One of your aunt's journals contains this entry: "As an aunt, planning an aunt's house, the thing I took special delight in was in making the lowest shelf into a niece's and nephew's library." Can you recall any of that? Did she read to you, or were the books just there for your own perusal?

TB: I don't remember any children's library, I don't remember her reading to me, and I don't think I'd ever given her the chance. I was out with the kids. But I remember, she was great to me. As I say, I felt totally welcome there, every day. I could stay as long as I wanted and never felt anything but a total welcome from Aunt Kitty.

CV: That leads right to the next question. Here is another passage from *The Journals and Letters*: ... "There were the three little sisters, Ranie and Kitty and Ann. There were Harriett and Libby and Jonathan. There was Tony, young and grave, who adored Sellanraa with the poetic devotion of a boy just wakening to the beauty and torment of life." Do you think that you might have been your aunt's favorite?

TB: I wouldn't claim that distinction. No comment.

CV: Do you why she called the Castine house Sellanraa? It's some Nordic connection, isn't it?

TB: I might have heard it in the past, but I don't remember why. No, that never registered with me, that name. I never particularly cottoned onto it. This doesn't sound like Aunt Kitty to me. It's sort of an embellishment or something.

NB: The house in Blue Hill was called what, Sarn?

TB: Yes, Sarn. I never cottoned on to that, either. I thought to myself, "Why did Aunt Kitty do that?" These names that she apparently called them, it didn't seem like Aunt Kitty.

The Blue Hill House

CV: This brings us to her other house. Following marriage to Daniel Hathaway, and returning to Maine, Kitty bought another house – now your house – in Blue Hill. She describes it as follows: "We drove in between the thick dark walls of cedar and stopped the car in a small round dooryard in front of a brick house with faded turquoise shutters....As soon as we stepped into that sunny empty room, I began to feel the strange thing which I had believed could never happen to me again...I moved around the room unable to speak. I felt weak and awestruck. It seemed more than I could possibly deserve—to find a second love after having known a first that seemed matchless...And like Sellanraa, it seemed alive.....Perhaps the first Sellanraa was not really Sellanraa at all, but a sort of phantom and a foreshadowing and a preparation for the real Sellanraa that was to come—the Sellanraa of true fulfillment."

How would you describe the effect of the two houses on your Aunt Kitty?



The mission of the Castine Historical Society, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization, is to collect, preserve, protect, and make available a variety of materials that illuminate the historical development of the Castine-Bagaduce River Area from its beginnings to the present.

The Castine Visitor is published three times a year by the Society for its members and friends.

Sally Chadbourne &
Delacroix Davis III.....Editors

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*Castine
Historical Society*

President's Report

The doors to the Abbott School exhibition hall may not be open to the public during the winter months, but the activities of the Castine Historical Society continue unabated. Robert Hanscom, the steeplewright from Greene, Maine who is restoring the cupola, is making good progress. The cupola base has been rebuilt and Hanscom has started working on the upper part of the structure. During January, members of the Building and Grounds Committee made a second inspection trip to Greene to check on the project. They also transported the old iron bell believed to be the one that used to ring in the Abbott School cupola. As part of the restoration process, Hanscom will fashion a cradle for the bell and a clapper to strike it.

Funding for the cupola restoration and roof replacement project is also proceeding well. Two additional grants have recently been received from Maine based organizations. The Historical Society was awarded \$5,000 from the Morton-Kelly Charitable Trust of Portland and \$15,000 from the Davis Family Foundation of Falmouth. More than 75 percent of the total estimated project cost of \$125,000 has now been received or pledged. Additional grant funding will be solicited this spring.

The Collections Committee continues to meet most Friday mornings under the invaluable leadership of Sally Foote. Much of the current work of the committee involves cataloging items for inclusion in a digital database as well as accessioning new gifts. Additional volunteers are always welcome; contact Sally Foote or just show up at the Abbott School on Friday mornings at 9:30.

Contributions to our Annual Appeal continue to arrive. Thus far, more than 150 members and supporters of the Castine Historical Society have given more than \$15,000. On behalf of the Board, thank you to everyone who has responded to our appeal.

Annual membership renewal letters will be mailed in March. Your prompt attention is appreciated. Your generous responses to the membership drive in the spring and the annual appeal in the fall make it possible for the Society to maintain the Abbott School and accomplish our mission of preserving and sharing information on the rich history of the Castine area.

Progress is also being made with planning for this summer's events. Please see the box on page 7 for the dates. Additional information on what promise to be interesting and varied programs will appear in the next issue of the Visitor.

Delacroix Davis III

BEQUEST

The Board of Directors gratefully acknowledges the generous bequest made to the Castine Historical Society by the estate of Gardiner Gregory.

TOWN OF CASTINE ADDRESSES MR. MADISON'S WAR

According to a Smithsonian Institution website, much of James Madison's "presidency was marred by his inept handling of the War of 1812 and the bitter criticism that it engendered. Derisively labeled 'Mr. Madison's War,' the conflict, one commentator railed, had been 'commenced in folly...carried on with madness, and...will end in ruin.'" Trade embargoes and the Non-Intercourse Act of 1807 had tremendous adverse impact on New England's shipping and commercial interests. In Massachusetts, opposition to the War of 1812 revived the Federalist party and emboldened some to call for New England's secession from the United States. In Castine, opposition to the war took the following form in 1813, the year before British forces again occupied the town. The original documents of the notice of meeting (pictured) and the resolution of the meeting are in Town of Castine ledgers at Emerson Hall (pages 207-208). Editors.

May 18, 1813 Notice of Meeting

To Hezekiah Rowell, Nathaniel Willson and John Bray, Constables of the Town of Castine.

Greeting.

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the freeholders and other Inhabitants of said Town to assemble at the meeting house on Wednesday the twenty sixth day of May current at three o'clock P.M. to act on the following articles, viz.

First—To choose a Moderator.

Second—To see if the Town will take into consideration the very alarming situation of our public affairs—the distress and poverty brought upon the District of Maine in consequence of the unfortunate and unnecessary War in which the United States are now engaged and to see if the Town will address a memorial to the Legislature of this Commonwealth expressive of their sentiments thereon.

Given under our hands and seals at Castine this eighteenth day of May A.D. one thousand eight hundred and thirteen.

David Willson Selectmen
Thomas Adams of Castine

To Hezekiah Rowell, Nathaniel Willson and John Bray Constables of the Town of Castine. Greeting.

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the freeholders and other Inhabitants of said Town to assemble at the meeting house on Wednesday the twenty sixth day of May current at three o'clock P.M. to act on the following articles, viz.

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Given under our hands and seals at Castine this eighteenth day of May A.D. one thousand eight hundred and thirteen.

David Willson (D) } Selectmen
Thomas Adams (A) } of Castine

"... unfortunate and unnecessary War ...".

From the Castine town ledger, May 18, 1813.

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The Castine Visitor

Resolution Agreed to at May 26, 1813 Meeting

At a meeting of the freeholders and other Inhabitants of the Town of Castine in conformity to the aforesaid warrant, on Wednesday, the twenty sixth day of May, A.D. 1813 at 3 o'clock P.M.—the said Inhabitants proceed to act on the articles in said warrant mentioned as follow, viz.

1. Job Nelson, Esq. is chosen moderator.

2. The said inhabitants having taken into consideration the very alarming situation of Public affairs it is moved and thereupon voted unanimously that the Representative of this Town in the Legislature of this Commonwealth, be furnished with the following instructions for his government, to wit.

"Whereas the Government of the United States for a long time have manifested a determined hostility to Commerce, and a disregard of the essential rights and just complaints of New England and the Commercial States, and by their declaration of war against Great Britain, have at last sealed the destruction of Commerce and exposed an extensive and unprotected coast to the incursions and depredations of a powerful enemy:

And whereas the said Government of the United States whose duty it is "to provide for the common defence" have withdrawn nearly all their regular military force from the Sea coast, which is in imminent danger, thereby depriving the most populous and valuable part of the Country of the only defence it was in their power to afford; And whereas the said Government, who are bound "to promote the general welfare" have most improvidently involved this Country in all the horrors of an unjust and unnecessary war, by which every avenue, through which we were used to obtain our supplies of provisions is closed, and many are now languishing for want of the common necessities of life; and by which, for the protection of the persons of foreign Seamen, the lives of our native citizens are sacrificed:

And whereas also, the end of the institution, maintenance and administration of government is to furnish the individuals who compose "the body politic," with the power of enjoying in safety and tranquility their natural rights and the blessings of life; and whenever these great objects are not obtained the People have a right to take measures necessary for their safety, prosperity, and happiness:

Therefore, resolved, that the representative of this Town be instructed to use his influence with the Legislature that they may assert the just rights of this Commonwealth, put an end to the calamities, which we now endure, restore to us the inestimable blessings of peace and Commerce, and secure on a permanent basis that liberty, purchased by the blood of our ancestors!

Voted that the foregoing be signed by the Moderator and Town Clerk and forward to the Representative of this Town, that he may govern himself accordingly;

whereupon the meeting is dissolved.

Att. R. Hall, Town Clerk

MEMORIAL GIFTS

The Castine Historical Society gratefully acknowledges the gifts recently received in memory of the following individuals:

Chase Bruns	Virginia B. Kneisel
Maurice Bogdonoff	Eldredth D. Mundth
Sally Hope Erhard	Barclay Robinson
Ruth B. Kneisel	

CONTRIBUTIONS

Our grateful thanks are extended to the following who have recently added their gifts to the Castine Historical Society collections:

Robert C. Dick	Pat James
Sally Foote	Ann L. Miller
Jean Haverstock	Margery Read
Mark E. Honey	William Richardson
James E. Lindsley	Doris Russell

TB: That's a tough question. I think that she certainly, absolutely loved the Castine house. And I think that she got to love the Blue Hill house just as much—after a while. Of course that first time she went into the Blue Hill house with Dan she was quite overwhelmed. That's right in the book. I don't ever recall her making any comparisons of the two. She may have done it, but I don't remember it offhand. I think she loved them both.

CV: Did you ever visit her in the Blue Hill house while she lived there?

TB: Well, I don't remember staying there, but I remember going over there from Castine. She sold the house in Castine, but Castine had become my preserve. I used to come up here by myself when I was in college and stay down at the Grindle cottage. I'd get Dad's car, and I worked every summer, either in Salem or New York, from the time I was 16 or 17. But I'd take a couple of weeks, either at the beginning or the end of summer, and I'd come up to Castine by myself, after Aunt Kitty had left. I don't remember staying with her when Dan was her husband.

My first visit to her Blue Hill house, in my memory, was one late afternoon when I took four or five kids from Castine over to see her house. I must have been 18, I'm just guessing again. I think we had a meal with her and then we went out and climbed Blue Hill Mountain that night, a bunch of us kids, then we went back to Castine. That's my first recollection of visiting that house.

I remember going over there, seeing them, having a meal with them, but Castine had become my place. I came here alone year after year until World War II. I just came up here by myself all the time to Castine because I had buddies here. Like TP Perkins. And let's see, Joe Woolley was a great friend of mine, down at the big Woolley house there. I had a gang here, a gang of kids my age. [The Woolley house is now the Castine Harbor Lodge. Editors.]

CV: Were they summer visitors, or year round, or both?

TB: Both. But my great friend was TP Perkins, Ed Perkins. His dad was a clam digger. And his mother had come up here with a family to cook, and she'd fallen in love with this local guy, and married him. TP had a wonderful older brother, Phil Perkins. Phil was a terrific guy. He just couldn't have been nicer. He was a great guy. And Barbara Perkins was their sister. Barbara Perkins came down to Salem and Peabody and worked for years for my aunt and uncle, and lived with them for many years. So, there have been very close ties with those Perkins. They were great people. Barbara Perkins, she was a star, wonderful person. She worked for my aunt and uncle until she died, I think.

NB: They got her a doctor for her terminal cancer.

TB: That's right, they got her a doctor. But the Perkins family

was terrific and TP was my daytime buddy up here, and Ormond Bowden at night.

CV: Phil Perkins, in an interview he gave 20 years ago, had wonderful things to say about your Aunt Kitty, and what she had done for Barbara.

TB: Yes, she did, she did. And Mrs. Perkins, Phil and TP's mother, down at that little street that goes down to the Wooly house. She was a star, a real wonderful woman. There were many times I'd go in and have a cup of tea and a piece of toast with her, and with Phil and TP.

CV: So, the Blue Hill house been in the Butler family ever since your aunt bought it?

TB: Well, I'll tell you how that came to be. Dan Hathaway and my mother and father got along very, very well. And Dan said, "If something happens to me, I'll leave you the house." He said that to my father. And Dad said, "No. I don't think you'd better do that. You leave it to my brother, my sister, and me and we'll work it out. I don't want any hard feelings." So that's what he did when he died. He killed himself as I think you know. Dad had to go up from Salem and take care of things. Dad wrote, and he said, "Nobody in the family is interested in that house in Blue Hill. But if you are, I'll try to buy it." So I wrote him back, and I said, "Go for it, Pop." So he got it from the others, bought the others out. That was my decision. He said, "Your mother and I won't do it, if you don't want it."

NB: It was a wonderful decision.

CV: So you've been coming up to the Blue Hill house ever since?

TB: Ever since I got home from the war. I was over there [in the Pacific] three years; it was a long time. But Mom and Dad bought it, and then I went to work. It was just a coincidence, but my roommate at Harvard became a Maine businessman. He was set up in business to found

The Maine Coast Fisherman, which is now The National Fisherman. My roommate started that with money from this industrialist. As soon as he was in charge, he called me on the phone. I was working for the family business in Salem. He said, "I need you. Could you help me for six months?" So I went to my uncle, who I had just gone to work for, just coming back from the war, and I said, "Uncle Dick, how about giving me six months leave?" He was madder than hell. Finally he said, "Alright, I'll give you six months, but don't you ever ask me again for anything like that."

So I came up and I helped my roommate start The Maine Coast Fisherman, which, as I said, is now The National Fisherman. I was in charge of circulation, and I wrote half the paper. I traveled a thousand miles a week in Dad's car, up and down along the coast and we got that thing going. We had the largest circulation of any commercial fishing paper

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CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY TENTATIVE SUMMER 2007 SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

5:30pm Saturday, June 30

Dedication of the Abbott School's restored cupola, including bell ringing followed by a reception and opening of the new exhibit, "Castine Writers 1956-2006"

7:30pm Wednesday, July 25

Talk/panel discussion. Working title: "Carrying on the Tradition of Castine Writers - New Media, Changing Audiences."

10:00am-4:00pm Saturday,
July 28 & Sunday, July 29

"Touring Through Time" A collective open house of nine historical organizations of the Eastern Penobscot Bay area. Activities include exhibits, demonstrations, lectures, walking tours and refreshments.

7:30pm Wednesday, August 8

Presentation by Eugene Gaddis, Curator of the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, CT on the Austin family's contributions to Castine and especially on the life and art of the late Sally Austin, David's sister. Delano Auditorium

August 9-August 15

Sally Austin's artwork on display and sale in the Mitchell Room of the Abbott School.

August 24-August 26

Castine Historical Society Art Show and Sale in the Mitchell Room

7:30pm Wednesday, August 29

CHS Annual Meeting in the Mitchell Room followed by an informal talk. Subject TBD.



Courtesy Michael Coughlin

Cupola Update: Steeplewright Robert Hanscom with the newly rebuilt base for the Abbott School cupola.

in the United States by far, by the time the six months was up. It really was cooking with gas, and it has ever since. But I left and went back to work for the family after the six months was up.

Well, it's so far in the past that I don't think about it anymore. It was a tremendous experience, though, more fun than a barrel of monkeys. I not only wrote half the paper, I was responsible for selling to all the news stores, 30 or 50 copies. It only sold for a dime, I think. But we got it cooking, and it's still cooking with gas. It was a great idea that Gene Rich from Camden had. He thought the thing up and he hired my Harvard roommate whom he'd met in the Navy. So that's how that thing got started.

CV: The house in Blue Hill still has the turquoise shutters. Does it have a lot of other touches that are the same as when your aunt lived there?

TB: Oh, yes. That house had a dirt floor in the cellar. And the structure was very weak and rotted out. And Dad did a tremendous job of rebuilding that, putting in a cement floor in the cellar. Putting the steel stanchions in, he must have put in a dozen of them down in that cellar to shore the house up. He did a terrific job on the foundation and the basic underpinnings of the house.

CV: Didn't Dan do a lot of work on the house, too?

TB: Dan didn't have the money; he didn't have any money. I think that is one of the reasons he committed suicide. He didn't get any money from anybody. The only help he got was from my mother and father. He told them he'd leave them the house, and they said no, don't do it.

NB: The dining room is just the way Dan Hathaway left it.

CV: My understanding is that Katharine Butler Hathaway wrote much of *The Little Locksmith* in your house, is that correct? Was there a certain room that she would use for her writing?

TB: Yes, on the second floor, in our main bedroom; that was her bedroom and workroom. She had a big desk up there and all her books and everything and that is where she did it, right at the head of the stairs.

I remember when I was at Harvard, she had an apartment over on Beacon Hill. She asked me to come over and have dinner with her, which I did. After dinner she said, "I've done some writing and I wonder if you'd read some of it and see what you think." And I said sure, I would. So she gave me the manuscript. And I went in the other room for about 20 minutes, 25 minutes. And she couldn't wait any longer, so she said, "What do you think?" I said "Well, Aunt Kitty, this is great, but can't you get a little more action in this story?"

Parties and Painters

CV: Your aunt talks about having parties at her houses. What can you tell us about these parties and who might have been there and what went on? (TB: Well, I remember one. They played games, guessing games. "Who am I representing" and stuff like that. I don't remember the details but I remember one night when they were having some guessing games. And I remember everybody was having a ball. I remember this terrific evening when everybody had so much fun, playing games. And Aunt Kitty loved that; she just loved those games. Oh, she loved the parties.

CV: Would these parties be with literary people or summer people or town people, or a mixture?

TB: It would be with Philip von Saltza. He was really a key player in the whole thing. He was a Swedish count. Philip von Saltza had that yellow house about four miles out of town on the main road going to Blue Hill. But Philip von Saltza was a fabulous guy.

NB: He was a painter.

TB: Yes, we have a number of his paintings. There are several of them over at our house in Blue Hill. He was a fabulous painter, but he couldn't ever sell his paintings. And he never had any money. And he was just a great guy, though. He was an All-American fullback at Columbia University and stroked the crew. He was a tremendous athlete in his younger days. And he had some sons by his first wife out in California. Carl von Saltza was one. Carl used to come visit his dad here in Castine. He was the best swimmer I think I ever saw, that boy. We used to swim down here. I used to swim across the harbor here all the time. By the time I'd come out of the water I would actually be blue, but then I'd do that at the end of June when the water was really cold. I still swim every day over in Blue Hill, up until the end of August.

NB: Philip von Saltza was a friend of Waldo Pierce, that's how your aunt got to be good friends with him.

TB: Oh, yes, that's right. They were both painters. I know Philip von Saltza painted one whole year with Waldo. I don't know whether that was here or up in Bangor; I think he might have spent the winter up there. But they were great buddies.

NB: Waldo painted a picture of dead birds and dedicated it to Christine Weston, and gave it to her. She said she couldn't stand looking at those dead birds all the time so she traded it with Tony's Aunt Kitty, and now we have the dead birds. And I must say I have gotten terribly tired of looking at those dead birds, too. It is a beautiful painting, an oil.

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The Little Locksmith

CV: In

The Little Locksmith

your aunt describes the locksmith who used to come work on their house as being of special interest to children, partly because of his size and appearance. Did you notice your aunt's appearance, or do you think you related to her in a different way because of her size?

TB: No, I never noticed. As far as I was concerned, she was just a normal person, perfectly normal. I remember one night she came to dinner at my mother and father's apartment in New York City. I remember asking her, "Aunt Kitty, what's the matter with you? Why don't you get married?" She was just like anybody else as far as I was concerned.

CV: That would agree with what your uncle Warren said at some point that he viewed her as completely normal and so she did herself, too.

TB: Well, I don't know about that. You read The Little Locksmith and she had a tough time when she discovered her deformity.

CV: At one point in the Journals and Letters of the Little Locksmith, your aunt says something to the effect that she doesn't think The Little Locksmith as a work is good enough, and she hopes that maybe five or six people will read it and it will really have meaning to them, then it will be worth it. And knowing the thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of people who have been affected by her work, it must be very comforting and gratifying to you to know that her work has had such an affect.

TB: Oh, sure. Oh, yes. We're tickled to pieces that she has had this big success. My only regret is that she never knew it. She knew The Atlantic Monthly had taken it. But she didn't know it was a best seller. And that's a shame that she didn't know that. She did a terrific job. She was a great girl, no question about it.

NB: She always dressed well. She dressed to cover up her deformity and paid a lot of money for her clothes and she looked wonderful.

TB: She was a nice looking person, very handsome. A dandy person.

NB: She smoked incessantly.

TB: That was her big problem, and I think that killed her. There's no doubt in my mind that smoking is what caused her early death. Not just that she smoked incessantly, but she shouldn't

have smoked at all. With her frail body, she should never have done it; that was a great mistake. I think smoking is for the birds, and I used to be a big smoker until I was about 35.

Spirituality and Affection

CV: Later in her life, according to the Journals, your aunt seemed to become more religious. When you were here visiting, did she ever go to church? Did you go to church with her?

TB: I know she was very religious, but I don't ever remember her going to church. Any physical contact with any church, anywhere, I don't recall.

CV: But you would say she was a spiritual woman?

TB: Yes. I think it was deeply ingrained. It was a part of her. She didn't discuss it; it was just there – a very powerful, but private thing with her.

CV: She sounds very warm and affectionate, certainly with her nieces and nephews.

TB: Oh, yes, but not demonstratively. Not that way. But you felt it. You knew it was there. You knew you had a real buddy in Aunt Kitty. You knew that she loved you.

NB: I saw her once in her open car; she was a very stylish lady. I remember that open car, there she was with her fur.

TB: That was a REO. A REO Roadster.

NB: I think it was a real love affair between Dan Hathaway and Kitty. We have their letters that they wrote to each other. It just seems to be something very real between them. I think it was a happy marriage. Perhaps not always, but they missed each other when they were apart.

CV: Nancy and Tony, when and how did you two meet?

NB: I was a war widow and I just thought well, I'll spend the rest of my life in the Maine woods. I was teaching at George Stevens Academy. I met Tony's mother and she said, "I have this wonderful son, and would like you to come to dinner and meet him?" I liked his mother so much that I went to dinner and there he was, and sure enough, eight weeks later we got married. That was 60 years ago. I guess I knew what I was doing.

CV: Thank you both for spending this time talking with us.

TB & NB: We enjoyed our visit. It's nice to go down memory lane.

#

CASTINE – A TOWN WITH CHARACTER(S)

An excerpt from Robert Schauffler's *Romantic America*

Robert H. Schauffler (1879-1964) was a well-known editor, poet and author during the first half of the twentieth century. Among the travel books he wrote was *Romantic America*, published in 1913. The following passage is an excerpt on Castine from "The Open Road in Maine" chapter (pages 301-303) of *Romantic America*. Despite some factual inaccuracies, we think you will find that not much has changed in the last 90 years. Editors.

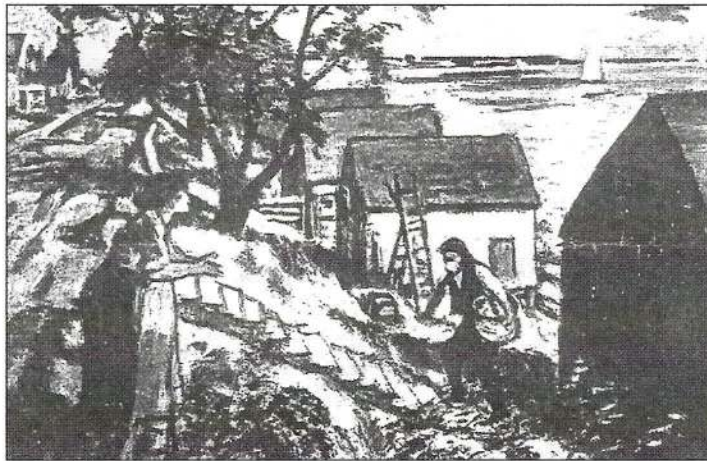
After enjoying the well-turned dwellings and churches of Belfast, I wandered to Castine, a town whose old houses and churches were no less enjoyable, and which offered in addition an old rope-walk and one hundred and fifty sign-boards. But these sign-boards were no relations to those of "the belt," for they were all devoted to imparting the facts of local history in capsule form.

On the site of the vanished Fort Pentagoet, for instance, a board diffused the information that this fort used to be "one the largest and most formidable fortifications in the New World," and that its story was "the most varied and dramatic of any American fortress of its time." There was more human interest, though, in a notice that enlivened a modest by-way: "Upon these heights in 1692 James Giles—a boy—and an Englishman taken at Casco—held in slavery by Madockawando—for attempting to escape were tortured by fire, compelled to eat their noses and ears—and then burned to death at the stake."

The veteran embankments of Fort George above the town had, I found, become protectors of the national game, and the Bunker Hill of the golfer. From this gentle eminence there was a far ranging view over the island-studded reaches of Penobscot and Blue Hill Bays. Directly in front loomed Islesboro, the proud possessor of Dark Harbor. Far to the west rose the Camden hills. Thirty miles eastward Mount Desert sunned its pure lofty profile. And the town of colonial spires and portals slumbered at my feet.

Even more picturesque than the Castine of brick and clapboard was the Castine of flesh and blood. The town has never wanted for "originals." One such married couple—the wife, a prodigy of persistency and consistency—the man, a unique orator—once set forth together in the

family dory. While he fished and declaimed she tended to her beloved knitting, but was so moved by the man's oratory that she fell overboard. The man arrived at the scene of action only in time to seize her by one portly ankle and to this he clung till help arrived. When the good wife was finally pulled out it was noticed with amazement that she still grasped her unfinished stocking, and that it was perceptibly longer. She had kept on knitting during the whole of her adventure under water!



"The Water-Side, Castine", an illustration from Robert H. Schauffler's 1913 book *Romantic America*

One of her husband's orations will probably be long-lived. When the temperance movement was stirring Castine a crowd of "the boys" induced him to set forth his view of the question. This was the speech: "Man, he make boat, he make keel, ribs, and seats; then he put oakum in it to make it tight. Well, so God, he make man; he make his arms, legs and head; then he put whisky in him to

make him tight."

Castine's present "original," Mr. James Webster, is a man of ability both as fiddle-maker and poet. There is room here for no more than three of the many succulent stanzas of his most popular poem:

"THE CASTINE CONFLAGRATION, 1872

Most manfully HE stood the test
And like a HERO done his best;
But human nature cannot stand
What is beyond the power of man.

Mr. NOYES deserves some mention
For his brave and good attention

continued on page 11

And the counsels he imparted
To the faint and chicken-hearted.

The LADIES too, with open hearts,
Like ANGELS, well they done their parts,—
With out-spread arms, refreshments free,
For all the men of Number Three."

Castine, of course, is not unique in producing queer and fascinating characters. Every village, every forest range, every insignificant island of Maine is fertile ground for their growing. And this makes the state a perpetual feast for the connoisseur of human nature. There is one thing, though. Even if you are a connoisseur you will have to work and wait and watch for your pleasures. The Maine "original" is nobody's fool. He generally has in him a vein of perversity. He is apt to belong to the hard-shell variety of down-easter. And do not imagine that you are likely to see anything of his real sub-shell personality if you appear hurried or anxious to see it, or one whit less careless of time and eternity than he himself is.

CORRECTIONS

The following names were inadvertently omitted from or misspelled in the list of members and supporters of the Castine Historical Society printed in the last issue of the *Visitor*. We regret and apologize for the errors.

Kerri Ann Jones & Thomas Beck
James Elliott Lindsley
Patricia & David Miller

CHS Appreciates Your Support

We would like to thank all of our members for their generous support of the Society. Including life members, we now number more than 600. Each new or renewed gift membership conveys all privileges of being a member of the Society, including a subscription to *The Castine Visitor*, published three times a year.

If you have an address change, winter or summer, please let us know. It is important to keep the files accurate so you receive all the CHS mailings. Thank you for your support. It is what makes the CHS and its members, near and far, an active part of the Castine Community.

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(CHS archives)

Alternative Winter Transportation: this circa 1916 photograph shows a team of oxen pulling a sled through the snow near Water Street in Castine. The man is identified as A.W. Clark; perhaps his passenger, in her fur-trimmed coat, was a guest at the nearby Shetola House.

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